



# Where Are the Wailing Women

Blair Linne

Where are the wailing women?  
Call for the wailing women to come and cry out.  
Since our nation lay in a casket.  
Tell them to come and mourn over her

America is a mother without a pulse  
She lay in a casket she built with her bare hands  
Stars and stripes draped over her shoulders  
Cosmetics she applies  
We thought that would mean the last nail in the coffin  
But she had to stop to take a selfie  
Though lifeless, she Periscopes her funeral  
To haunt us every night  
She lures us with her hashtags in our American dreams

So tell me, where are the praying women?  
Call for the wailing women to come and cry out  
Women, who love Jesus more than their temptation toward  
indifference—  
Realize a retweet does not equate spiritual action.  
Refuse to muzzle their mouth with fear or doubt  
Will not sit back and watch a deceased world  
Hop on a rollercoaster connected to a hell-bound  
Track to trap  
Since hell has no exits and heaven no back entrances.  
Women who fight against Satan's deceptive theme-park in America's  
heart  
Who sees depravity beyond the Disney  
Knows one day material will dissolve  
When light meets water  
Billowing beneath His feet

Jesus will test our motives against fire  
Every mask will fall to the ground like a June fruit drop  
The make-up will peel off our faces like a nicked scab  
He will expose us beyond the skin.

Where are the women?  
The wailing women who will not be ashamed at His coming?  
Have oil in their lamp  
Contentment in their bones  
Courage in their blood  
Conviction in the back of their throat  
Canon between their teeth.  
Ready to cut and cure.

Who will cry out in faith?  
Demand America come out of her tomb.  
Who will intercede?  
Who will believe God can transform us...our nation?  
We live in a world that tries to convince us  
A baby is not a baby because it's in the womb

But the secrets America houses in her belly-turned-morgue  
In an attempt to deny Imago Dei  
Will come back to haunt her on Judgment Day  
When God demands an account for the treatment of the helpless  
And America argues that the 58.5 million abortions since 73'  
In the name of "women's freedom"  
No longer requires the 6th commandment to stand.

Who will cry out and stand  
For the murders of those who can no longer stand  
Captured on smart phone cameras?  
Stand for the melanin and blood mixing in our streets  
Who will do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?  
Rather than stand in the way of sinners.

America is a double-minded woman  
They say—don't call her woman

Bind her breasts, they say  
They say, give her an identity based upon her feelings—they say  
Sign her up for surgery, they say  
He say, she say,  
But what does God say!?

Where are the women who refuse to base their life on their feelings  
Women rooted in blood  
Stand on a Rock more firm than the planet they think holds us  
suspended in space.

Who will cry out?  
Who will labor over our nation's leadership  
Rather than take these candidates to Twitter,  
Take these candidates to prayer!  
Look more to the church house than the White House

Where are they?  
The prayers for our witness  
Women who will cry out and lay prostrate for the Church?  
Cry out over the need for true doctrine in our pulpits  
Who will be burdened for God being rightly proclaimed and the gospel  
preserved?  
Stand on the inerrancy of our Holy Book  
When people laugh and call it fiction.  
Women who weep over the irony of sinners who laugh at crucifixion

Women, who cry out because our Savior did.  
Who pray and still away because our Savior did.  
Praying for a heaven, the sin of our earth has hid.

Where are the women?  
Call for the wailing women to come and cry out  
Women, where are you? Stop whatever you are doing  
It is time to pray!  
It is time to weep!